



RHYMES OF THE ROOKIES

W.E. CHRISTIAN



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RHYMES OF THE ROOKIES

To the Colors

Here's to the Red of the Firing Line;
Here's to a World White-Free;
Here's to the Blue of the Yankee Sign;
Here's to Liberty!

—W. E. C

Rhymes of the Rookies

*SUNNY SIDE OF
SOLDIER SERVICE*

BY

W. E. CHRISTIAN



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To
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Colonel of the Rough Riders
Who, more than any other one man
gives out
The Spirit and the Meaning
of the
AMERICAN SOLDIER



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RHYMES OF THE ROOKIES

MY BUNKIE

He's mostly gnarls and freckles and tan,
He'd surely come under society's ban,
He's a swearin', fightin' cavalryman,
But—he's my bunkie.

He's weathered the winds of the Western
waste.

(You, gentle Christian, would call him de-
based)

And he's loved at his ease and married in
haste,
Has my bunkie.

In a Philippine paddy he's slept in the rain,
When he's drunk rotten booze that drives
you insane,

And he's often court-martialed—yes, over
again,
Is my bunkie.

He's been on the booze the whole blooming
night,

To mount guard next morning most
awfully tight,

MY BUNKIE

Though he's "dressed" like a soldier when
given "Guide Right,"
He's my bunkie.

He doesn't know Browning or Ibsen or
Keats,
But he knows mighty well when the other
man cheats
And he licks him and makes him the laugh
of the streets,
Does my bunkie.

He stands by and cheers when I'm having
fun,
And when it is over says, "Pretty well
done,"
But he takes a large hand if they rush two
to one,
For—he's my bunkie.

When Taps has blown and all the troop is
asleep,
We nudge each other and gingerly creep,
To where the shadows hang heavy and
deep,
I and my bunkie.

MY BUNKIE

And then when the fire-flies flittering roam,
We sit close together out there in the
gloom,
And talk about things appertaining to
home,
I and my bunkie.

If the slow tropic fever is a-shaking my
spine,
And they blow "boots and saddles" to chase
the brown swine,
He'll give me a leg-up and ride me in line,
Will my bunkie.

And if I get hit—his arm goes around,
And raises me tenderly off of the ground,
And the words on his lips are a comforting
sound,
The words of my bunkie.

OUR OFFICERS

I'm goin' to be discharged, sir;
My time is near its close,
I want to tell you, cap'en,
You're the best the country grows.
They ain't no man in all the world
Can beat the army man,
That wears the shiny leggins and
That does the best he can.

I've seen them, sir, in battle
With the bullets flyin' round,
I've seen them lying wounded
With the blood-stains on the ground.
I've watched them when the fever
Was a-ragin' in the camp,
I've seen them nurse the cholera—
A-wrestling with the cramp.

I've seen them pin to that ol' flag
Another glory more,
That made the stripes look brighter
Than they ever did before.

OUR OFFICERS

They weren't winning V.C.'s, either,
But because the country said
For them to go, they went.
They done it or they're dead.

We've lots of men of this kind an'
Of course, we've some that ain't,
We'll cover up their faces
In the picture that we paint.
I'll follow men like you, sir;
You can't go too fast an' far,
You're officers and gentlemen
Like Congress says you are.

I wish I could re-up, sir,
Till you get your silver stars,
I'm sure you'll do them credit, sir,
As you have done the bars.
I know I shouldn't talk so much,
But somehow I'm inclined,
On leavin' the old outfit
Just to speak the company's mind.

PAY DAY

Oh, it's early in the morning,
The mules begin to squeal,
You hear the cooks a'bangin' pans
To get the mornin' meal;
The Bugler, sort o' toodlin,
Outside the Colonel's tent,
And you kind o' feel downhearted,
'Cause your last two bits is spent.

With a leggin-string you're fussin'
When the band begins to play,
And you listen, and stop cussin',—
What is that the bugles say?
Oh, it's pay-day, pay-day, pay-day,
And the drums begin to roll,
And they sure do carry music
To the busted Johnnie's soul.

Some think about the girls they'll get,
And some, about the beer;
Some say they'll send their money home,
And all begin to cheer.

PAY DAY

The games will soon be goin'
Snap your fingers at the dice;
With the canteen spigots flowin',
'Til the Barkeep's out of ice.

For it's pay-day, pay-day, pay-day;
Can't you hear the bugles call?
The privates and the Non-Coms,
The officers and all
Have been waitin', waitin', waitin',
'Til they're broke or badly bent
For the coins stacked up on blankets
And table in a tent.

Fifteen dollars in the mornin'
By the evenin' in the hole;
And "Private Jones is absent, Sir,"
When the Sergeant calls the roll.
The officers are lookin' up
The "Articles of War";
There's sixteen in the guard-house,
And the Provost has some more.

THE ARMY GROUCH

When the Grouch gets up at reveillé,
He puts his elbow on his knee;
His head upon his hand;
And tho' he's slept ten hours or more,
His back is weak, his feet are sore,
And he can hardly stand.
And, as he goes to get his chow,
He says, "By Gosh!—I don't see how
A soldier lives so long.
The spuds is rotten and the slum
Is always worse than on the bum.
The coffee is too strong.
That cow was killed ten years before
They organized this bloomin' war;
These flapjacks taste like wood."
And so he growls through all the day,
And fills his comrades with dismay;
They'd kill him if they could.
When "First Call" wakes up Billy Lott,
He sits upon his Army cot,
And whistles "Casey Jones,"
And as he jumps into his shoes,

THE ARMY GROUCH

He says, "By Jinks I've had a snooze
That's good for skin and bones."
And Billy always has a smile
That you can see for half a mile,
And when he stops to say, 'How Do!'
He chases dimples to *your* cheeks
That stay there for a couple of weeks,
And he makes *you* happy too.

WEANING TIME

(To A. W. D.)

Mothers, O, ye mothers of the land!
With broods of sisters, brothers—hand in
hand—

'Tis weaning time. Clip ye the thread
That apron-strings the lad! Give him his
head!

Pluck from your teat the clinging lip
That should be tight with valor's grip!
"You were my child-in-arms," she said;
"Suckled I you, and gave you bed;
But now you are my man, my son.
For battle lost or battle won,
Go, find your captain; take your gun,
To stand with France against the Hun!
Reck not that tears might wet your crib;
Nor fear my fondling of the bib
You wore—when you are gone.
Your mother will not be alone;
Her love-mate will be Duty Done:
Her nights will kiss that midnight sun.
If tears? They will be tears of joy,

WEANING TIME

For having milked a man, my boy.
Farewell and live, heart of my heart.
God steel my soul! I bid you start!

He goes!

God knows

I idol him. And may no backward glance
Unheart me now. To France! To France!
Fair France of La Fayette's romance.
My man-in-arms advance, advance!
Take down your grand-sire's crimsoned
lance!
For man-wide Freedom and for France!"

“HANDS ACROSS THE SEA”

We're off for France to make “Fritz” dance
To the tune of shot and shell.
We'll march right in to old Berlin,
And give the Kaiser hell.

The French are right—they'll hold the
fight,
And British “drives” are fine;
But Pershing's boys will find but toys
In the “Hindenberg” Line.

We leave hearts dear—the coast we clear
For the ocean's wide expanse.
A submarine on the ocean seen
Will have but little chance.

The cause is just—yet more we trust—
For the Honor debt we owe
Can ne'er be paid. 'Twas the timely aid
Of the Frenchman long ago.

For Lafayette is with us yet,
Still held in memory dear.
Our hearts now burn to give return,
While his name we all revere.

“HANDS ACROSS THE SEA”

Oh! we're off to France—we want a chance
At the ecstatic thrill
Of being there to have a share
In the funeral of “Kaiser Bill.”

THE HIKE

The orders are, "Prepare to hike!"
So pack your war bag. Hit the pike.
Throw back your shoulders—keep the step,
For this is where we get the pep.

"Prepare to hike," the orders are.
And don't you dare to ask how far.
We'll get what's coming, don't you see?
So what's the odds to you and me?

Prepare to hike! Roll up your kit.
Strap on equipment. Hit the Grit.
Your corns will ripen on the road,—
Just pare them down when taps are
"blowed."

We're billed to hike—the bugles blow.
"'Tis column right" and off you go.
Civilians watch as we pass by—
We watch the girlies wink the eye.

THE HIKE

Preparedness is the slogan now,
And rumor says there'll be a row—
A real one on the Western Front.
We're drilling for this special stunt.

Prepare to hike! Get in the game.
Your feet get sore, but don't go lame,
Just set your jaws, with stiffened lip,
And hold the lines with sand and "zip."

War may be "Hell." So let it be.
Yet, must be fought, if liberty
Is still to reign upon her throne,—
Else all is lost. The best is gone.

Prepare to hike! Once more I say.
Round out your muscles for the fray.
Life's not worth living any more,
Should Teuton force invade our shore.

A-B-C-OF ARMY LIFE

A is the ARMY,
 With its shot, and its shell,
B is the BATTLE
 That makes the War, Hell.
C is the CAVALRY,
 Dashing and Bold,
D is the "DOUGHBOY,"
 Whom the trenches must hold;
E, ENGINEER,
 Who lays out the plot,
F the "FIRST AID,"
 With stretcher and cot;
G is the "GUARD,"
 Our "Border-Patrol"—
H is HEADQUARTERS,
 The high-ranking rôle.
I is the INFANTRY,
 That's hot on the Hike,
J is JAW-BONE,
 Oh, "Pay-as-you-like";
K is the KITCHEN,
 Where they turn out the "stew,"

A-B-C OF ARMY LIFE

L is LANCE-CORPORAL,
Who ranks just a few;
M is the MESS,
Where the rations are served,
N is "NON-COM,"
Whose "Stripes" are deserved;
O is the OFFICER,
"Spick and so span,"
P is the PRISONER,
Who's "under the ban,"
Q is the QUARTERS,
With "lights out at Taps,"
R is the ROOKIE,
Whom everyone raps,
S is the SERGEANT,
Who keeps 'em in line,
T is TATTOO,
Three-quarters past nine,
U is the UNIFORM,
Buttons so bright,
V is the VOLLEY,
That settles the Fight;
W the WAGON,
With "four Army mules,"

A-B-C OF ARMY LIFE

X the eX-soldier,
Whose ardor now cools,
Y is the YOUNGSTER,
Just out of the "Point,"
Z —can't you tell
This line's out-of-joint?

A SOLDIER'S PRIMER

A man, a hat, a blouse, a gun,
Call this a soldier just for fun.
A dog tent, blanket, candle, match,
His home is built with rare dispatch;
With hard tack, bacon, army beans,
Army life is not what it seems.
A damp cold night, aching head,
The next day fever-soldier dead.
The story is brief (we know it well),
And plain is moral—"War is Hell."

THE TALE AND WAIL OF A ROOKIE

When I was young I said to myself,
Choose a career and start after the pelf,
Early to bed and early to rise,
You're sure to get wealthy and awfully
 wise,
So I started out to look around,
But nice fat jobs weren't easily found.

However, while taking a walk down the
 street,
A bright colored poster my eyes did greet,
"Young Men Wanted." I said, "That's
 me,"
And stepped up closer so I could see.
"Join the Army and see the World,"
My fingers around my last dollar were
 curled.

So I went around where they hung out the
 flag,
But that 7-year hitch made my interest lag.

THE TALE AND WAIL OF A ROOKIE

They explained it, however, and made it
quite plain

That to join the Army would be my gain.
So here I am in the damn Philippines,
They feed me nothing but bacon and beans.

The land of the goo-goo is no place for me,
The reason porqué is easy to see.

I never was strong for bugs and lizards,
Or the amoebic bug that tickles your giz-
zards.

I have a reverse on fleas and snakes,
And I hate the noise the Gekko makes.

I have three square feet of prickly heat,
And some dhobie itch that can't be beat,
I've had the dengue and also the fever,
Of all diseases I've been the receiver.
I'm bitten by all that's invented to bite us,
At the end of the year I'll have Philippin-
itis.

A long centipede just crawled in my bunk,
This tropical service is certainly punk,
Not a chance in the world to go over the
hill,

THE TALE AND WAIL OF A ROOKIE

And half my time is spent in the mill.
But why should I worry, I'll soon be free.
A "G. C. M." does the trick for me.

A MARINE'S HYMN

From the Halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land as on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.

From the Pest Hole of Cavite
To the ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of Marines—that's what we are;
We're watch dogs of a pile of coal
Or we dig a magazine,
Tho' he lends a hand at every job,
Who would not be a Marine?

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime or place
Where we could take a gun;

A MARINE'S HYMN

In the snow of far off northern lands
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will find us always on the job—
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps
Which we are proud to serve,
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the army and the navy
Ever look on heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

HERE'S TO THE SIX- TEENTH!

*(A toast by an officer at San Antonio
banquet.)*

Here's to the "Sixteenth Cavalry,"
A "Colt" that has just been foaled;
Bred with no "Past,"—but a Future,
Which Training and Time will unfold.

This "Colt," with his milk-teeth gives
promise
Of growing to be some fine horse,
And if we give him "right raising,"
Be sure that he'll "come across."

Our "Colt" is as "sound" and as "quiet"
As any old horse you will see,
And, as for his "fit conformation,"—
That's just as fine as can be.

Here's hoping that he gets good "groom-
ing,"

HERE'S TO THE SIXTEENTH!

Good "grazing"—good "stable"—good
"stall;"

So when they sound "Boots and Saddles,"
The "Colt" can answer their call.

Here's hoping that he gets good "forage,"
Well "watered"—with "all-fours" well
cleaned;

And not have to patrol the hot Border,—
At least,—until he is "weaned."

We'll swear by this "Colt," who is "hoof-
marked"

With the "16th Cavalry" brand;
And we'll warrant when he "cuts his mo-
lars,"

He'll be as good as the best in the land.

We'll see that he gets fearless riders,
Who are "kindly" and know every "aid;"
So if ever a battle is brewing,
He'll go to the "Charge" unafraid.

He'll compare with all Cavalry horses,
No "I. C." marks for his neck;

HERE'S TO THE SIXTEENTH!

Instead, upon his new brow-band
Rosetted Blue Ribbons bedeck.

No matter the "sire," no matter the "dam,"
His "strain" is "pure-blood"—tho "un-
registered" yet;
He'll "run in the money,"—when put to the
test,
To "win in the stretch,"—on that you can
bet.

So here's to the "Sixteenth Cavalry,"
The youngest of Cavalry "mounts;"
He hasn't a "Past" and a "Pedigree,"
But 's "all-horse,"—and that is what
counts!

HIKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

(From a Marine's Diary)

(A ONE-DAY HIKE)

Rise and Shine, the bugle's calling!
Spring up lively from your beds!
Into line we'll soon be falling—
Shake a leg, you sleepy heads!

Better make a hasty toilet,
Like the other fellows do,
For I'll guarantee you'll spoil it,
Long before the day is thru!

Better see the shoes you're wearing
Have a heavy pair of soles;
Or you'll do some awful swearing
When the rocks come thru the holes!

Have your canteen filled and ready
Haversack swung on your belt,
Where it will swing good and steady
And its weight is scarcely felt!

HIKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

At your breakfast don't you hurry—
Eat another dish of beans;
For you'll need it—don't you worry—
Hiking in the Philippines!

Up the dusty road we've started—
Rout Step—walking at our ease;
Soon the even lines are parted—
All are walking as they please.

Long before the sun has ambled
O'er the green hills on our right,
Far along the road we've rambled
In the early morning light.

Thru the narrow trail we're walking,
Sticking to the narrow path.
Just behind us some are talking,
'Way ahead we hear a laugh.

Now a slender bridge we're crossing,
Over to a "goo-goo" farm—
Where a Carabao is tossing
Up his head, in great alarm.

HIKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Here we stop to rest a trifle—
Sip a drop from our canteens.
Gee! It's tough to "pack" a rifle—
Hiking in the Philippines.

'Round the narrow path we're turning;
Tho it's early morning, yet.
Down the sun is fiercely burning—
Bringing out the drops of sweat!

Where the tropic trees are shading
Out the sunlight overhead
Leggings, shoes and all, we're wading
Thru a shallow river-bed.

You can hear the bamboo cracking
Underneath our heavy tread,
While the forest trails we're tackling—
Following, where we are lead.

You have got to be a Hiker
To keep up with these Marines,
Not a big four-flush or piker—
Hiking in the Philippines!

HIKING IN THE PHILIPPINES

Where the big mangoes are growing,
We have halted—Stacking Arms,
Far away, a rooster's crowing
On one of the native farms.

Under branches of big palm trees,
We are resting easy now—
Welcoming the cooling sea breeze
While we're waiting for our Chow.

Plainest fare is a fiesta
When you've Hiked for half a day;
And a little noon siesta
Helps to pass the time away!

Like a ribbon all unraveled
Starts the line at half past two,
There are new trails to be traveled
Back to old Olongapo!

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY SONG

I.

Fall in. Fall in. Attention, you red-legged
mountaineers,
With your gun and pack and box of tack,
“non-coms.” and cannoneers,
Baptized in Mindanao, beside the Sulu Sea.
Here’s How, and How, how, how,
to a mountain battery.
Here’s How, and How, how, how,
to a mountain battery.

2.

I’d rather be a soldier with a mule and
mountain gun
Than a Knight of old with spurs of gold,
a Roman, Greek or Hun,
For when there is trouble brewing they al-
ways send for me
To start the row with a row, row,
row,

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY SONG

from a mountain battery.

To start the row with a row, row,
row,
from a mountain battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo, the cradle,
gun trail,

And that darned old fool, the battery mule,
that was never known to fail.

So raise your glasses high and drink this
toast with me:

Here's How, and How, how, how,
to a mountain battery.

Here's How, and How, how, how,
to a mountain battery.

THE CAVALRY SONG

Come, listen unto this song, I'm as happy
as can be,
I'm masher and dasher in the U. S. Cavalrie;
I stand up straight with legs apart; bowed
slightly at the knee,
With folded arms across my chest, 'tis the
pose of the Cavalrie.

Chorus:

So fill your glasses to the brim
And brace your courage with slow gin,
I will tell you all it is a sin
To serve in the Infantrie.

I'm a cavalryman so fierce and bold, a soldier
thru and thru,
I ride a horse because of course 'tis the
proper thing to do.
I wear my spurs both night and day that
every one may see.
Whatever else I might have been, I'm not
in the Infantrie.

THE CAVALRY SONG

We went to fight the China horde with
sabre, horse and gun.
We'd meet them and we'd beat them just
the way it should be done;
But we left our horses, corn and hay out
on the ships in Taku Bay
And consequently had to stay while the
dough boys hiked away.

I'm a man of experience, I've been to Fort
Monroe,
I've garrisoned Fort Hamilton and the
Presidio.
I went out to the Philippines and in the
Walled Citie.
I fought the Filipino War in the Coast
Artillerie.

Chorus:

So make way for the red stripe man,
The pride of our armee
And let him tell the glories of
The Coast Artillerie.

THE CAVALRY SONG

About another soldier man I'd like to say
a word :

He's neither fish nor flesh nor fowl, but
he is a bird,

He finds his way o'er foreign seas by sun
and moon and star,

But he could not find his way across the
Island of Samar.

Chorus :

So make way for the web-foot man
The good U. S. Marines.

They need four guides for every man,
Out in the Philippines.

THE RED GUIDON

Come, fill up your glasses. I'll give you a
toast.

We'll drink to the red and the blue,
The first in the battle, the last from its post,
Old comrades so faithful and true.

Here's to friends who have passed o'er the
last long divide,

Their spirit is still marching on,
As it did in the days when we marched
side by side

As we followed the red guidon.

Chorus:

Then here's to the crossed cannons, they
never will run,

The limber and rolling caisson,
The clank of the collar and rumble of gun
As we follow the red guidon.

We've soldiered together, brave hearts ever
true,

We've marched, we have fought and we've
bled

For the dear old flag with its red, white
and blue

That floats in the breeze overhead.

THE RED GUIDON

We've joked and we've laughed around the
camp fire's red glare
From Cuba to distant Luzon,
As we told the old stories that drive away
care
'Neath the folds of the red guidon.

Come, toss off your tankards, we'll drink
long and deep,
Brave hearts ever gallant and true,
To friends who now rest in their long
peaceful sleep,
Who once wore the red and blue.
We'll prove true in the future as they in
the past,
Old comrades of gun and caisson;
We'll fight like true soldiers from first to
the last
As we follow the red guidon.

Chorus:

Then here's to the crossed cannons, they
never will run,
Here's the limber and rolling caisson,
The clank of the collar and rumble of gun
And Hurrah for the Red Guidon!

THE CONSCRIPT

"Life is real; life is earnest"—but a Gamble
after all,

"Ten million Conscripts" are answering
the Call;

Ten million men of which I am One—

What were the "odds" when "the wheel
was spun"?

What were the "odds" that Fate would se-
lect

Me for a Conscript—another reject?

Fate was the Gambler; I was a "chip,"

Death was the "stake" held in Life's
grip;

I am a Conscript played in Fate's hand,

When the Game's over—how will I
stand?

Death, will it lose, or Life, will it win,

Who'll be the "winner" at the great
"Cash-in"?

Ten million Conscripts to answer the Call,

And at the gusts, the leaves must fall:

THE CONSCRIPT

With submarines launching torpedoes below,

Which troop ship to atoms are they to blow?

Ghosts of disease lurking in camp,

Spectral sickness in trenches so damp;
Ten million bullets ripping the air,

Which Conscript to be stricken, and
when and where?

Ten million shrapnel shrieking o'er head,

Which Conscript to reckon among their
dead?

Thousands of wounds, a-gaping and wide,

Who will recover, and who will have
died?

Millions of mothers so anxious at home,

Who will wear crêpe for loved ones,
alone?

Millions of sweethearts who'll weep o'er
the "lists,"

Which lovers the lips ne'er more to be
kissed?

All is a Gamble—this War-Game of
Chance—

The life of a Conscript over in France.

THE CONSCRIPT

The "Roulette of Life" is spinning so fast,
The "red ball of Death" must drop in at
last;

Which numbers will win, which numbers
will lose,

The "odds" or the "evens," the "reds"
or the "blues"?

Yet Hope is the "Banker" and He will
repay

The chances that Conscripts must take in
the fray;

And Fate's a Good sport, when "dealing the
cards,"

He'll give "Fifty-fifty" to Conscript for
odds.

THE SLACKER

Why don't he volunteer to serve
In Uncle Sammy's grand reserve?
He knows quite well his ountry's call;
Has no regard for this, at all.
He never thinks to do his part,
Because he has a Slacker's heart.

He walks along the street quite spry—
To feign indifference he must try,
When suddenly he takes affright,
It's just a picture (what a sight)
Of Uncle Sam with pointing finger.
Take it from me! He doesn't linger.

"Why don't you do it? do it quick!"
The Slacker's skull is very thick.
It never penetrates the gray,
What Uncle Sammy, has to say.
"I want you NOW!" Oh, what a Mutt.
The words fall on a brainless nut.

He lied on registration day—
Conscription's law he'll not obey.

THE SLACKER

He seeks the nuptial vows to take,
Or any other useless fake.
Whatever else, he'll never fight.
He has the Slacker's ear-marks right.

Oh, what a useless, shameless pest,
A blot on human kind at best.
His feelings are for SELF alone.
He would not give a dog the bone.
Behold his attitude—his pose.
The Slacker's ring is in his nose.

For country's call—for country's sake—
For Liberty he will not stake
His bit, nor will he ever be
But half a man. Not he—not he.
His formula contains no sand—
It's plain, he is the Slacker "Brand."

A sneak—a snake—a cur—a blasted
Dirty rotten scourge, dodgasted
Coward, thief, and all the rest—
Can't spell the name that suits the best.
There's just one place for such as he—
Not on the earth—eternity.

PREPAREDNESS

I never had no warlike mind,
I b'long to the plowin' peaceful kind
Thet stays at home and works along,
Sun to sun—I'm good and strong—
But, neighbor, let me speak my mind:
When my country sez to back her,
Sez I back: "Here ain't no slacker,"
So walks up thar and signs the roll,
Come June the first, thirty-one year ole,
Now Uncle Sammy can call Bill Jones
Jest any ole time they say,
'Cause yisterday I gits insured,
And jined the church today.

I hates to leave the old home-folks,
They hates to see me go,
But I'd rather tote a rifle,
Than be shoulderin' a hoe.
When Uncle Sammy's needin' men—
And needin' 'em so much,
I 'lows how he can call on Bill,
To help 'im lick them Dutch.

PREPAREDNESS

For preacher sez: "God will protect
Me out thar," so, then, by Heck!
I am all O. K.

'Cause yisterday I gits insured,
And jined the church today.

The paper 'lows the fightin's bad,
As awful as can be—
Guns a-roarin'—blood a-flowin'—
And boats belo' thet sea.
But I'm ready—and I ain't a-feered
To die—if they do git me.
'Cause I ain't no skunking slacker,
If I am a "Georgia cracker,"
And if I don't come home no more,
The wolf won't come to my house door,
I am goin' when they say,
'Cause yisterday I gits insured,
And jined the church today.

“BEANS”

A dog there lived in many towns,
And he has wondrous wiles;
He travels in the Philippines,
And visits many isles.

“Ubiquitous” should be his name,
He’s seen so many scenes,
But all his soldier friends prefer
To call him simply: “Beans”!

As a proper, first class passenger,
Is “Beans” name on ship’s log;
You’d think his name was pedigreed—
The way he “puts on dog”!

Yet he is not a full blood pup,
But just a “yellow cur”:
A “Nervy-Natty Gentleman”—
With all his fuzzy fur.

He chows awhile at Grande Isle;
And there he’ll make a stay,
Until he tires of their mess;
Then promptly sails away.

“BEANS”

He'll take a boat down Subic Bay,
To far Olongapo,
And when things get monotonous,
Then “Beans” is prompt-to-go!

He goes o'er to Corregidor,
And visits “C. A. C.”
And if he don't like visiting—
He merely sails the sea!

He visits Fort McKinley,
And Cavite, too;
Now, where Beans has not been, forsooth,
I wish I only knew.

I know that all the sailors,
And all the soldier men
Do call him “Beans,” and love him
For he is their dandy friend.

He wags his tail in greeting,
And barks at friends with joy;
But when his ship's a-sailing,
For Beans, it's Ship-A-hoy!

“BEANS”

So here's to “Beans” old “Sea-dog,”
Who loves so well to roam;
I wish he'd try to settle down
And make our place his home.

ADVICE

Better start in soldiering and mind your
P's and Q's,

Cut out going absent and ease up on the
booze,

Don't kick because, you're on fatigue, but
mind what you are about,

For the Summary Court will get you
if

you

don't

watch

out.

Don't go a-missing reveillé; and be in bed
by check,

Don't buck against the captain, or you'll
get it in the neck.

Be sure to turn out promptly when you
hear the sergeant shout,

For the Summary Court will get you
if

you

don't

watch

out.

ADVICE

Because you've got some service don't
think you know it all,

You'll get your extras just the same if
you should miss a call.

Take what they hand you weekly. Don't
grumble, frown or pout.

For the Summary Court will get you
if

you

don't

watch

out.

THE SCENT OF THE COCOA

You have heard of the ancient incense ;
Of the dew of Hermann you've read ;
You have been told of the precious ointment

That poured down on Aaron's head ;
But tell me—with all your knowledge,
Your theory, study and toil,
Have you heard of an equal or sequel
To the scent of the cocoanut oil?

At first it is always repulsive,
Makes you gag and back off in despair ;
But when you've got the scent of the cocoa,
Just a scent, a mere whiff in the air,
Then you're gone, boy, yes, and forever,
Where'er in this world you may roam ;
When you once get the scent of the cocoa
You forget all the precepts of home.

You forget those most noble teachings
Of fortitude, temperance and truth
When you once get the scent of the cocoa.
You're gone, boy, gone and forsooth

THE SCENT OF THE COCOA

Though you try hard and strive to recover,
Pray to God and his angels as well,
If you've once got the scent of the cocoa
You're destined—your future is Hell.

But why should you be predestined
By the scent of an innocent oil?
When you once get the scent of the cocoa
No more can you break from its toil
Than a gambler can break from his ventures,
The drunkard turn away from his rye.
When you once get the scent of the cocoa
The longing is there till you die.

The great world at large doesn't know all,
The guilty ones seldom confess
When you once get the scent of the cocoa
Wafted up from the bright passing dress
That their thoughts are not those of angels
Sweet and pure as the dew of the rose,
That it's not just the scent of the cocoa
But the perquisite that with it goes.

THE SCENT OF THE COCOA

There are times when the righteous are
doubtful,

There are times when no man doubts.

When you once get the scent of the cocoa
There's a man and his conscience at
outs;

Reckless of moral destruction,

Fearless of anguish and pain,

When you once get the scent of the cocoa
'Tis that scent that you long for again.

One may part from the Orient gladly,

From its garlic and dhobie and goats;

But if he's once got the scent of the cocoa

As he sits and in reverie dotes,—

His thoughts will revert to the eastward,

To the land of yellow and brown

And he sighs for the scent of the cocoa,

And the sight of a piña gown.

MEN OF THE HOSPITAL CORPS

They, too, have heard the drum-beat,
They follow the bugle's call,
Those who are swift with pity
On the field where brave men fall.

When the battle boom is silent
And the echoing thunder dies,
They haste to the plain, red sodden
With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them
Is marked with a crimson sign,
Pledge of a great compassion
And the rifted heart divine.

And so they follow the bugle
And heed the drumbeat's call,
But their errand is one of pity—
They succor the men who fall.

GARRISON LIFE

I want to go home, wailed the private,
The sergeant and corporal the same,
For I'm tired of the camp and the hikin',
The grub and the rest of the game.
I'm willing to do all the fightin',
For that is a game two can play;
But I want to go home, for me goil's all
alone,
An' I want to go home to-day.

For I've marched 'til me throat was
a-crackin',
'Til crazed for the want of a drink,
I've drilled 'til me back was a-breakin',
An' I haven't had time to think.
And I've had me share of policin',
And guard and I'm tired of me lay;
For me goil's all alone, an' I want to go
home,
An' I want to go home to-day.

Do they heed us a-dying in garrison life?
They say it's the water and such,

GARRISON LIFE

We think that more apt it's the hikin',
For the life of a private ain't much;
But we know we can fight if we have to,
And they won't have to show us the way,
But me goil's all alone, an' I want to go
home,
An' I want to go home to-day.

THE PHILIPPINITIS

My friend, have you heard of the town of
Manila,
On the banks of the Pasig River,
Where blooms the wait-awhile flower fair,
And the "some time other" scents the air,
And the soft-go-easy grow?
It lies in the Valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide.
That old tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless I don't care.
Where the Put-it-off abide.

THE EAST IS A'CALLING

They say that the East is alluring;
The balmy green isles of the sea.
But with all their wild splendor assuring,
They have no fascination for me.

I camped with the boys at Siassi,
Way down in that sequestered isle,
Where the garb of a primitive lassie,
Was naught save a gee string and smile.

I hiked o'er the hog trails of Jolo,
In the blistering rays of the suns,
As the wild savage wielding his bolo,
Fell beneath the onslaught of our guns.

With a cartridge belt, rifle and knapsack,
I tramped through the wooded ravine,
On a ration of hard tack and bacon,
And a swig from a rusty canteen.

In Mindanao island so dreary,
From Malabang to Hawatian hill,
Ever faithful though footsore and weary,
I shouldered my Krag for the drill.

THE EAST IS A'CALLING

On the outpost when night darkened o'er
us

A lone vigil I kept through the rain,
And watched for the bloodthirsty Moros,
That prowled through the desolate cayan.

I have seen the half clad Filipino,
In his nipa thatched shack in Luzon,
Dispensing the tuba and bino,
Amidst our gay laughter and song.

At eve the brown-hued senoritas,
Strolled leisurely over the green,
In hobbles and gaudy camisas,
Their more loving than handsome
queens.

They may say the East is a'calling,
The picturesque isles of the sea,
But with all their wild splendor enthralling,
They have no fascination for me.

TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO THE CORPORAL OF THE GUARD

If number one you are walking,
And to a comrade talking,
While around the country gawking,
Keeping neither watch nor ward,
And an officer unsaluted,
Swears at you with voice polluted,
Tell your troubles to the Corporal of
the Guard.

If you are at the bridge of Spain,
And a foreign lady vain—
While a native with a rein
Jerks the skinny pony hard,
When to her aid you'll turn,
Tell your troubles to the Corporal of
the Guard.

If on the Escolta posted,
And the sun your back has roasted,
And rebel chieftain boasted
As he handed you his card—

TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO CORPORAL

That he soon would clean you out
And put your Dewey's fleet to rout,
Tell your troubles to the Corporal of the
Guard.

If to the canteen you are sent,
And your frame with thirst is rent,
And your spirits drooped and bent,
And the soldiers and the sailors bottle-
crazed—

All are drinking fizzes cool,
Do not rave and act the fool,
Tell your troubles to the Corporal of
Guard.

If you should a bottle get,
No matter on which beat,
Or a morsel sweet to eat,
In the dreary times so hard;
You will find a friend to share it—

Call promptly for the Corporal of the
Guard.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE KITCHEN POLICE

My General Orders are:

1. To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in view.
2. Dish slum in a military manner; keeping on the alert and observing all meat balls that go within sight or hearing.
3. To report any private or non-com who asks for thirds.
4. To receive, transmit and obey all orders from and allow myself to be relieved by the Mess Sergeant, first and second cooks only.
5. To quit the coffee only when properly relieved.
6. To repeat all calls for "seconds" from the dining room.
7. To hold conversation with no one who asks for onions.
8. To allow no one to pass the cooks tobacco or booze.
9. To salute all slum not incased in an overcoat.

GENERAL ORDERS OF KITCHEN POLICE

10. In any case not covered by instructions call the first cook.

11. In case of fire take out the ashes and get a bucket of coal.

12. Between reveillé and retreat turn out the cook and the cook's police for all objects found in the slum, such as bed-bugs, lizards, cockroaches, snakes and other insects not on the bill of fare.

BY ORDER OF GENERAL R. U. HUNGRY:

Peelem Spud,

Commanding Kitchen Police Brigade.

OFFICIAL:

O. U. Meatball,

Major, 3rd Cook Corps,

Brigade Adjutant.

IS HE A SOREHEAD?

You've heard of the famous six hundred,
 who at Balaklava fell;
Who charged like death's avengers straight
 into the mouth of hell.
But there's deeds unsung, unheard of;
 brave deeds gone by unseen,
Just listen to the tale of a soldier, told in
 ought thirteen.

Part of the Colonial Army for duty in the
 Philippine group.
If I had the gink that sent me I sure would
 make him loop the loop.
Our valor is tested daily. We fight the
 mosquitos and heat.
The country is fine for a Gu-Gu, but I long
 for old Market Street.

The hiking is fine for a soldier, you fill up
 on dust on the road,
And to eat on a dusty stomach makes you
 feel like any toad.

IS HE A SOREHEAD?

You may talk of a seven-year enlistment,
God help me get this one in,
When you do one on the Archipelago,
you will never be free from sin.

They work you from morning till evening.
They've got you, there's no pulling
out.

Can you blame us for drinking, old timer,
no chance, here's to you, old scout.
Our troubles may be all imaginary and
caused by too much sun,
But how much imagining is called for in
the war games they play for fun.

I try to do all they require me, but, God,
who can do all that?

The man is not made who can obey all
orders of a man with a gold cord on
his hat.

Some are better than others, they don't
feel the polish and such,
But I've learned my lesson—they'll get
you in dutch.

IS HE A SOREHEAD?

Don't think for a minute I'm a sorehead
because I am in for bob,
My muscles shure got hard in the army;
I can d——! easy get a job.
And if some time, in the future, I would
hate someone to think me a friend,
I'll advise him to enlist in the army, good
night, I know that sure is his end.

FUNSTON

Never any style about him,
Not imposing on parade,
Couldn't make him look heroic,
With no end of golden braid.
Figure sort o' stout and dumpy,
Hair and whiskers kind of red,
But he's always moving forward,
When there's trouble on ahead.
Five foot five, of nerve and daring,
Eyes pale blue, and steely bright,
Not afraid of man or devil,
That is Funston in a fight.

Fighting since he learned to toddle,
Soldier since he got his growth,
Knows the Spaniard and the savage,
For he's fought and licked 'em both.
Not much figure in the ball room,
Not much hand at breaking hearts,
Rotten ringer for Apollo,
But right thing when something starts;

FUNSTON

Just a bunch of brains and muscles,
But you always feel somehow
That he'll get what he goes after,
When he mixes in a row.

Weyler found out all about him,
Set a price upon his head;
Aguinaldo's crafty warriors
Nearly filled him full of lead.
Yellow men and yellow fever,
Tried to cut off his career;
But since he first hit the war trail,
He has never slipped a year.
And the heart of all the nation
Gives a patriotic throb,
At the news that Kansas Funston
Has again gone on the job.

YEAR 2016 IN CHIHUAHUA

Through the mesquite in old Chihuahua,
Aimlessly one day I strode,
Till I chanced upon a figure
Standing silent in the road.
Such an odd, ungainly figure!
I stopped, then staggered back,
Thinking it an ancient spirit
That had wandered from its track.

A campaign hat was on his head,
With strap beneath his chin,
On his legs some battered leggins,
And his shoes were old and thin.
On his shoulder was a musket,
Red with the rust of years,
Like himself, the whole equipment,
Seemed to justify my fears.

"What masquerade is this"? said I,
Though my breath came quick and short,
Then he, from force of habit,
Brought his rifle to a port.

YEAR 2016 IN CHIHUAHUA

“Long years ago,” he answered,
In a mild and patient tone,
“There was trouble in Chihuahua,
Where Villa used to roam.

“When I left the States for Mexico,
With the Regular Cavalry,
We numbered several thousand,
Young, healthy, strong and free.
All the others,—they are sleeping
On the hillside over there,
Far from home and loving kindred
And the native country dear.

“Perhaps twenty died from sickness,
Victims of the fever’s rage,
Or amœbic dysentery,
All the rest,—from ripe old age!
I’m the last of all those thousands,
Through this place I still must roam,
Waiting for expected orders—
Welcome orders to go HOME.”

WITH PERSHING IN MEXICO

When I've served out this enlistment,
And my time in the Reserves,
Why, I am going to treat yours truly
To the treat that he deserves.
For I am tired chasing Villa,
In this God-forsaken land,
When there's nothing much but cactus
And the useless miles of sand.

Where the Rio Grande is flowing,
By El Paso near Fort Bliss,
There's a little girl worth knowin',
And she's a'savin' me a kiss.
Oh, I met her once a'walking,
With red corals in her hair;
Where the greasers sit a'talking,
In the little public square.

There's real food there; white women;
Most things a man could want;

WITH PERSHING IN MEXICO

And a pool to go in swimmin'
And a Chinese restaurant;
Where, across the hot Chop Suey;
If you give the Chink a wink,
He'll produce a little teapot,
Full of something good to drink.

Oh, I'm tired of Cactus whiskey,
That they stop the trucks to sell;
For one bottle's mighty risky,
And two starts a man for hell.
And the first time that I'm able,
When they hand me my discharge,
Watch me lean across the table,
And say: "Bo, give me a drink of
 'large.' "

So good-bye, Adobe ladies;
My regards to Uncle Sam;
Let old Pancho go to Hades;
Adios to Col. Dublan!
They can't bind me with a lasso,
Once this little Doughboy's free;
There's a girl right in El Paso,
That I'm bound he's going to see.

WITH PERSHING IN MEXICO

For she's waitin', my Anita;
In the Plaza, in the Square;
Where the little fenced-in fountain
Throws it's water in the air;
Where the old pet alligator stays,
And winks his knowin' eye,
And says, "Patience, Senorita,"
He'll be with you by an' by.

OLD BALDY

The "Black Eagle" said, "I think it but fair,
That I should be ruler of both land and
air,

And have all the other birds under my
reign.

How great I shall be over such a domain."

The others protested, saying, "This you
can't do ;

We'll never submit to a swell-head like
you.

Before we'll come under your despotic
rod,

We'll fight to the very last drop of our
blood."

But the "Black Eagle" answered : "I'll have
what I wish ;

I'll pay you for suckers, and catch a big
fish ;

I'll clip your wings off with a big pair of
shears

That I have been grinding, the last forty
years.

OLD BALDY

“I’ll hook my big talons right into your
breast,
And get a wild ‘Turkey’ to help do the
rest.
We’ll pluck that fine plumage all off from
your back;
And you’ll find desolation the brand of
my track.”

And so the fight started. It waxed fierce
and long;
And proved the “Black Eagle” unusually
strong.
With three years of fighting, he still was
intact,
And seemed to be victor—in fight and in
fact.

But at this very moment of luck for the
“Black,”
A venerable eagle flew into his track.
He was gray, he was bald, he was ancient
as well;
And just where he came from, there’s no
use to tell.

OLD BALDY

This "Bald-headed Eagle" was hailed with
delight,
When the other birds saw he was going
to fight;
But when they beheld the tactics employed,
By "Baldy the Great One," they were
overjoyed.

For he hooked his curved bill in the top
of the head
Of "Old Blackey the Terror," then quietly
said:
"Just watch my talons clip up to his throat.
With one still free, I will pick this old
bloat."

The struggle was fierce, and the feathers
flew high;
The "Black One's" fine plumage came off
rapidly;
"Old Baldy's" quick work, and to make
good his word,
Left nary a feather stick on the Black bird.

OLD BALDY

The fight at last ended ; the "Black" gave it
up,
With "Baldy" victorious, awarded the cup ;
But the "Black One" was stripped of all
honor and fame.
Has a place in this world with a dishonored
name.

It may be a fable, but history records
This defeat of the "Fowl of Great Boast-
ing Words."
How the "Prussian Black Eagle" that
thought he could scratch,
Found in "Old Baldy" far more than his
match.

“KAISER BILL”

There's a Guy across the Sea,
And the “Devil's own” is he.
Death! Destruction! Misery!
That's the Kaiser.
Don't you fancy he's a fool.
Satan ne'er had such a tool—
Whether demon, fiend or ghoul
As the Kaiser.

At the bottom of the ocean
Lie the victims of his notion.
Bathes in human blood for lotion
Does the Kaiser.
While his Teuton Choir sings,
In the military rings,
Of the “Divine Right of Kings.”
Kaiser Bill.

Kinder erst, und den de vimmen—
Shood dem ub vile dey is schwimmen,
Den you gif der men a trimmen,
Kaiser Bill.

“KAISER BILL”

For der voorlt must pe mine own,
So I'll pe der King alone,
Mit a unifersal throne
Kaiser Bill.

But we'll toss you out the tip,
(Though the censor seal the lip)
That he'll soon be “on the hip”—
Will the Kaiser.

For his submarines are sinking,
And his men in trenches, stinking,
While the Western world is linking
'Gainst the Kaiser.

He'll be picked up in a basket,
With a U-Boat for a casket,
And a name plate, if he ask it.

“KAISER BILL.”

Then “submerge” in kerosene,
Kept in memory ever green
As the profligate, obscene
Kaiser Bill.

THE RAW RECRUIT

Ses Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

Be gob, ye're a bad 'un;
Now turn out your toes;
Yer belt is unhookit
Yer cap is on crookit
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But be jabbers, ye look it;
Wan-two! Wan-two!

Ye monkey faced devil, I'll jolly ye
through!

Wan-two! Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Park.

Ses Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

A saint it ud sadden
To dhrill such a mug;
Eyes front! ye baboon ye!
Chin up! ye gossoon, ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—

THE RAW RECRUIT

Halt! ye leather lipped loon, ye!

Wan-two! Wan-two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan-two! Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat, can ye see in the
dark?

Ses Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

Yer figger wants padd'n—

Sure man, ye've no shape;

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two boulders;

Yer shins are as thin

As a pair of penholders;

Wan-two! Wan-two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan-two! Time! Mark!

I'm as dry as a dog—I can't spake but I
bark!

SERVING IN TEXAS

To old Satan Texas was given
By the Lord who lives in Heaven,
And the Devil quoth "I've got what's
needed
To make a good Hell," and he succeeded.
He put sharp thorns all over the trees,
And mixed up sand with millions of
fleas;
He scattered tarantulas along the roads,
Puts thorns on cactus, and horns on
toads.
He lengthened the horns of the Texas
steers,
And put an addition to the rabbit's ears;
He put a little devil in the bronco steed,
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites, the scorpion stings,
The mosquitos delight with their buz-
zing wings;
The sand burs prevail, and so do the ants,
And those who sit down, need half-soles
in their pants.

SERVING IN TEXAS

The heat in the summer is one hundred
and ten,

Too hot for the Devil and too hot for
the men;

The wild boar roams thru the back chap-
arral,

'Tis a hell of a place that he picked
for a hell.

O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL

O'Reilly was a soldier man, the pride of
Battery "B."

In all the blooming regiment no better man
than he;

The ranking duty Non Com., he knew his
business well,

But since he's tumbled down the pole,
O'Reilly's gone to Hell.

Chorus :

O'Reilly's gone to Hell, since down the
pole he fell.

They drank up all the bug juice the whis-
key man would sell.

They ran him in the mill. They've got him
in there still.

His bob tail's coming back by mail,
O'Reilly's gone to Hell.

2.

O'Reilly hit the bottle after six years up
the pole,

He blew himself at Casey's place and then
went in the hole,

[84]

O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL

He drank with all the rookies and saved
his face as well.

The whole outfit is on the bum, O'Reilly's
gone to Hell.

Chorus:

3.

O'Reilly swiped a blanket and shoved it
up I hear;

He shoved it for a dollar and invested that
in beer,

He licked a coffee cooler because he said
he'd tell,

He's ten days absent without leave,
O'Reilly's gone to Hell.

Chorus:

4.

They'll try him by Court Martial, he'll
never get a chance

To tell them how his mother died or some
such song and dance.

He'll soon be in Company "Q" a-sleeping
in a cell

A big red "P" stamped on his back,
O'Reilly's gone to Hell.

ON THE "BORDER"

This is the Land
That God forgot.

Arizona.

This is the land
That the Devil be-got.

Arizona.

In respects, it's possibly
Better than Hell,

In Naco.

Hot air, mixed
With sulphur smell,

In Naco.

There every acre
Is desert sand,

To take the place

Of the "Brim-stone" Land.

In Hell.

Also, we have the Prickley-pear,

In Naco.

Sage-brush and cacti

That might compare

To pitch-forks.

ON THE "BORDER"

But should you ask me
Where I'd dwell—
Naco, or in that place below—
Just three words
From my mouth would flow:

“Me for Hell.”

Conditions are settled
Down in Hell;
While on the Border,
You never can tell.
Arizona!

Hell, yes!

No watchful waiting,
No peace at a price,
Like Naco.

The Devil's policy
Is firm and concise,
In Hell.

No friendly raids,
Nor Mexican strife;
Like Naco.

One's die is cast:
To boil for Life,
In Hell.

ON THE "BORDER"

In case of trouble,
Of any kind,—
 The Devil acts
Without change of mind.
 Naco—Hell.
Think of the wonderful
Peace Sublime,
 In Hell.
I only wish
That peace were mine.

ROUTINE

(From a Marine's Diary.)

5:05 A. M.—FIRST CALL

I heard the First Call sound, and then—
Just yawned and went to sleep again.

5:10 A. M.—REVEILLÉ

At Reveillé I shook the dope,
Broke out a towel and a hunk of soap.

5:20 A. M.—ROLL CALL

My name rang out upon the air;
I hollered, "Here," for I was "there."

5:25 A. M.—SETTING-UP EXERCISE

Took exercise, without a rest;
I like the Breathing Movement best.

5:45 A. M.—CHOW

Oh, what a difference breakfast makes!
'Twas Punk and Java, Dog and Cakes.

ROUTINE

6:10 A. M.—FIRST CALL FOR DRILL

First call for Drill reminded me—
I'll try the rear rank—"number three."

6:20 A. M.—DRILL

Street Riot Drill and Company square;
I nearly went up in the air.

7:20 A. M.—RECALL FROM DRILL

Recall was music to my ears;
I hadn't felt so tired for years.

8:00 A. M.—COLORS

The Guard turned out for Uncle Sam
And handed him the "Grand Salaam."

8:10 A. M.—SICK CALL

One fellow went to show his corn
For there's a Hike to-morrow morn.

8:20 A. M.—FIRST CALL FOR TROOP

I shaved and washed, then cleaned the Gat,
And had ten minutes left at that.

ROUTINE

8:30 A. M.—TROOP

The Captain sized us up for fair,
But no kick comin' anywhere.

8:45 A. M.—GUARD MOUNT

Guard Mount, my name wasn't booked;
How is it I was overlooked?

RESPITE

No more calls to answer now
'Til I hear them holler, "Chow"
For this is my easy day:
Guess I rate it anyway.

12:00 N—CHOW—LIBERTY

Chow was the regular menu,
Spuds et cetera—carabao.
I heard "Liberty" when it went
But I didn't have a cent.

1:00 P. M.—POLICE

Glad I have no work today;
I'll turn in and hit the hay.

ROUTINE

AFTERNOON—NO CALLS

Woke up promptly, half past two;
Walked around Olongapo.

Came in—played a checker game;
Wrote a letter to my dame.

5:00 P. M.—CHOW

Supper surely was some class!
Steak and Onions—Apple “sass.”

6:00 P. M.—COLORS

Six o'clock when colors went;
Guard turned out and gave “present.”

8:30 P. M.—TATTOO

Came in early, took a shower,
Read a book for half an hour.

9:15 P. M.—CALL TO QUARTERS

Let down my Mosquito net—
Puffed a Durham Cigarette.

TAPS—P. M.

Safely in my bunk I curled
And was soon—dead to the World.

THAT UNIFORM

'Tis strange, but yet 'tis true, we see
Sane men who seem to think that we,
Who wear the blue, are not the same
As other men. We have a name
Scarce thought of with respect; 'tis used
To frighten children, and abused
By those who only wish to show
A few of the many things they don't know.

We read "the soldiers came to town
And raised particular ——," and so on
down

A column or more of such vile stuff;
'Twould make us all cry "Hold! Enough!"
You see, there's scarcely anything
To write about. While these things sting,
What's that to us? We may lose by it;
But the public's fed, ye gods, the diet.

An old saw, which, perhaps, e'en you
Have heard, and some thought true,
Seems to have been forgotten, quite,
Or else we do not think it right.

THAT UNIFORM

Our fathers used to think that way,
But we are wiser (?) in our day.
Try to remember it, if you can,
'Tis this: "The clothes don't make the
man."

Don't turn the soldier down. You may,
For aught you know, or others say,
Be entertaining, unawares,
An angel; and, if not, who cares?
For, be he good, bad, weak or strong,
'Mid summer's sun or winter's storm,
You call on him to right your wrong,
Altho he wears a uniform.

IN THE COLD GREY DAWN OF THE MORNING AFTER

Bring me a dry Martini, waiter,
Chase in something that's wet,
I was out to a clam bake yesterday,
And I haven't got over it yet.

Throw me a pleasant look, waiter,
Smile at me pretty, don't frown,
And pour some glue on my breakfast
So I can keep it down.

I hear they have discovered the pole, waiter,
I wish I had it here now,
They can't come any too cold for me
To put on my aching brow.

Many a schooner was wrecked last night,
And the waves ran mountain high.
Personally, I was soused to the gills,
But today I'm awfully dry.

IN THE COLD GREY DAWN

It was a terrible night at sea, waiter,
And many are missing, I think,
But as near as I can remember
I never missed a drink.

The one in blue got my purse, waiter,
Her side-kick got my clock,
I don't want to know what time it is,
Please lead me down to the dock.

Lead me down to the dock, waiter,
For a watery grave I pine.
The place for a man that is pickled
Is over my head in brine.

Tell them in Olongapo,
I died as a hero should,
Up to the neck, in cold, cold suds
Guaranteed drawn from the wood.

I'd like to leave you a gift, waiter,
Just to remember me by
And to show you that I'm not tight,
You can have my piece of pie.

IN THE COLD GREY DAWN

And after I sink in the water, waiter,
You'll do me a favor, I hope.
Tell them, if I blow up bubbles
It wasn't from eating soap.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POSTER

They told me that the Army was a joy for
evermore ;

They told me of the pleasures I'd have
in it by the score ;

They told me of its comforts and the jolly
life I'd lead,

But by thunder they have fooled me and
I'm sorrowful indeed—

I ever joined the Army.

They told me of the polished boots and the
buttons bright I'd wear,

And of the splendid things I'd find upon
the bill-of-fare ;

But never a word they told me in the fine
recruiting shop,

Of hoeing weeds upon the roads, or haul-
ing out the slops—

When I joined the Army.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POSTER

They told me of the pleasant hours, away
from every care,
I could spend when not on duty, in town
or anywhere ;
But a thing they never told me is the punishment they'd mete
Out to a luckless rookie who went absent
from retreat—
In Uncle Samuel's Army.

They told me of the canteen, where good
lager beer is sold,
And of the fine post hospital, that cures
all kinds of colds ;
But a hint about the guard-house they never
to me gave,
That skeleton they kept hidden as though
buried in a grave—
Until I joined the Army.

They showed me good looking chromos of
good looking soldier men,
With little V's upon their sleeves and
hats they shone like tin ;

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POSTER

But there is one uncanny picture they never
to me showed

Of a soldier with a knapsack, and he hitting
up the road—

In the U. S. Army.

They told me of the nice soft bunk, made
out of woven wire,

Where I could lay my carcass, whenever
my bones would tire ;

But a whisper of the pick and shovel was
never to me told,

So I'm pondering o'er my contract, and
I think I was sold—

When I came into Uncle's Army.

They told me of the non-coms. who knew
a soldier's worth,

Who made the Army jolly, a place of
endless mirth ;

But not a word they told me of the amount
of beer I'd buy,

Just to keep a "stand in" with those that
rank up high—

In Sammy's splendid Army.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POSTER

They told me of the bill-of-fare that
changed with every day,
And when landed in the Army for thirty
years I'd stay;
But not a word they told me (No wonder
they were mum),
About the stuff they feed us, commonly
known as "Slum"—
In our conquering Army.

It is hinted that experience of all others is
the school,
Where common sense alone is learned,
by him that plays the fool;
And though I hate the medicine, I must
take it with a will,
And keep convincing myself, it does me
good—
It's time to leave the Army.

ARMY FEVER

When your first hitch is over, and you have
 cashed your finals few,
And a breakfast and a boat ride are all
 that's left for you,
And you toy with your collar as you don
 your suit of "citz,"
While your bunkie, sitting near you, has
 the bluest kind of fits;
You a-bubbling over with pleasure at the
 thoughts of going out;
The friends at home will welcome you, of
 that there's not a doubt;
And it never seems to strike you that you
 have made a beaten track,
In these years you've been a soldier—that
 you might come back.
So you hasten out as boat call goes—last
 call you have to stand—
And you wave farewell to comrades as you
 push away from land.
First call for drill is sounding from the
 bugler's throat of gold,
But you are free—"don't have to stand no
 drill in heat or cold."

ARMY FEVER

Altho' you get to wondering as things fade
from sight,
If drilling really was so bad as walking
post at night.
You think, of course, when first discharged,
one feels just sort of sad;
But it's Army fever symptoms—And you've
got 'em bad.
You're in business on the outside, and
you're making good, it seems;
But the bugle keeps a-calling, and a-calling
through your dreams.
Then some day you meet a soldier on a fur-
lough for a week;
And you think it only friendly to go up to
him and speak;
And you find you knew his brother, or his
cousin, or his friend,
And your job upon the outside has found a
sudden end;
For a longing fierce comes over you, and
you cannot resist—
It's the crisis of the fever—and you re-
enlist.

ONE TO THE ARMY BEAN

I've eaten funny dishes on Luzon's tropical
shore,

I've eaten Japan's bamboo shoots and
oysters by the score.

Of caviar I've had my share, I love ancho-
vies, too,

And way down in old Mindanao I've eat-
en carabao ;

Of Johnny Bull's old rare roast I nearly
got the gout,

And with chums at Heidelberg I dined
on sauerkraut ;

In China I have eaten native rice and
sipped their famous teas ;

In Naples I, 'long with the rest, ate maca-
roni and cheese ;

In Cuba where all things go slow, mañana's
their one wish ;

I dined on things that had no names, but
tasted strong with fish.

In Mexico the chili burnt the coating off
my tongue ;

ONE TO THE ARMY BEAN

And with Irish landlord I dined on pigs
quite young,
Yet you may have your dishes that is
served to kings and queens,
But I am happy and contented with a dish
of Army Beans.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
 Little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean .
 And the desert land.

Little hours of drilling,
 Little "rifle shoots"
Make efficient soldiers
 Out of raw recruits.

Little hours some spend in
 Breaking liberty,
Oft' amount to something
 More than E. P. D.

Little words of kindness,
 When you spare a few,
Sound all right to some one;
 Do they not to you?

SING-A-SONG-A-SIXPENCE

Sing-a-song-a-sixpence
Every-body dry—
Half-a-dozen Privates
Opening some rye.

When the rye was opened
The Bucks began to sing:
Every blessed one of them
Feeling like a king.

The Sergeant at the Guard-house
Saw them walking straight—
Marked them "Clean and Sober,"
When they passed the gate.

But, when Taps was over,
They sang and danced a jig,
Along came a Corporal
And slammed them in the Brig.

QUEEN OF MAY

If you wake, why, call me early—call me
early, won't you, bunk?

The captain says I'll be a non-com., if I
don't get on a drunk.

Then some day I'll be a sergeant with three
stripes upon my arm,

Zig zag, like the old rail fences on Dad
Posey's Country farm.

Call me early, though I'm dreaming, wake
me up that I may see

How the sun that sinks in grandeur rises
in obscurity.

I've been a private, bunkie, such as privates
seldom are,

Borne my share of public censure, let it
heal without a scar.

Till upon the fair escutcheon of my name
and humble rank

Captain says he'll add the title and a
stripe on either flank.

Then I'll be a non-com., bunkie, wake me
up that I may see

My own glory bubble appearing, hear it
burst at reveillé.

QUEEN OF MAY

Wake me early from my slumbers, hence-
forth I would early rise,

Health and wealth are common virtues—
dawn will brand me both, and wise.

Bunkie, I'll be boss to-morrow, uniformed
in blue and white,

Knew I'd get it, if the captain only did
what's square and right.

But I will not chastise the comrades who
may doubt my word is law,

I'll be easy with them, bunkie, patient, 'tho
they feel no awe.

Bunkie, I'm growing sleepy; wake me
when the morning breaks;

For upon the track of merit, I will land
the non-com. stakes.

Let me hear the joyful clamor when I
wake from pleasant dreams

That the fellows rise when greeting a non-
com., who is what he seems.

Wake me early, bunkie, comrade, tell the
fellows who I am,

Not forgetting all the favors I will do you
when I can.

QUEEN OF MAY

Tell them that I wouldn't have it, if it
sacrificed their love,
Tell them that I'm the same as ever, though
they think me far above.
Bunkie, I have dreamed so often of the
buff that I shall wear,
That I feel the honor greater than a man
like me can bear.
Long I've waited; long I've cherished
thoughts of how I'd look and feel
When the captain said: Howard, here's
a stripe to aid your zeal.
Then I'd be a non-com., bunkies, then I'd
write to dad and say,
Modest-like: "A Corporal's greetings to
his folks so far away!"

A YOUNG ROOKIE'S LAMENT

As I sit in the gleam of the camp fire,
'Neath the Oriental skies,
In fancy I picture the homeland shore
And a town I highly prize;
It's Gardner, dear old Gardner,
A town so dear to me,
But I'm many miles away
Across an endless sea.

I at the age of 17 was—
Fickle as a clam
I took a train for Fitchburg
And joined old Uncle Sam.
They sent me on to Slocum,
And filled me up on beans.
They made me take a rifle
And a pair of khaki jeans.

They sent me to the Philippines,
We call it no man's land.
We never see a flake of snow,
We bake our eggs in sand,

A YOUNG ROOKIE'S LAMENT

We hike o'er burning mountains
'Til it drives us near insane,
We pitch our camp in a rice field
In a storm of drizzling rain.

At night we walk our outpost
With a great big heavy gun
And go Dum-Dum bullets
To make the Moros run.
They're accurate as a weasel,
And, boys, they never fan,
You have to keep your ears pricked up,
For they'll get you if they can.

Now, boys, you may think Gardner slow,
But that notion you'll destroy
If you ever hold your hand up
To be a soldier boy.
You have no dear old Mother.
To mend your tattered pants,
When you stick yourself with a needle,
With rage you'll fairly prance.

So, boys, I found my big mistake,
I was altogether wrong,

A YOUNG ROOKIE'S LAMENT

And that's the simple reason
I sing this little song.
So take a piece of fool's advice,
And never run away,
Just stay in dear old Gardner
Where life is bright and gay.

DANNY DEEVER BALLAD

"Where're all the soldiers goin' to?" asked
Files-on-Parade,

"What are they all a-goin' to do?" the Color
Sergeant said;

"I dunno where they're goin' to," said
Files-on-Parade,

"I dunno what they're goin' to do," the
Color Sergeant said.

For they're goin' back towards U. S. A.
and leave the Philippines,

They're tirin' of the Islands and the Army
"pork and beans,"

That "single time," and "two per mile"—
they all know what that means—

So now they're all a'goin' to leave the
Army.

"Where is the 'Doughboy' goin' to?" asked
Files-on-Parade,

"And what is he a-goin' to do?" the Color
Sergeant said;

DANNY DEEVER BALLAD

"Back to his farm! Back to his farm!"
said Files-on-Parade,
"Behind the plow! Behind the plow," the
Color Sergeant said.
No hiking o'er rice paddies,—but furrowed
fields of corn,
To go to bed real early and get up in the
morn',
To be his own "K. O." once more, in the
country where he's born,
So soon he'll be a-quittin' of the Army.

"Where is the Trooper goin' to?" asked
Files-on-Parade,
"And what is he a-goin' to do?" the Color
Sergeant said;
"Perhaps he'll pack an Army mule," said
Files-on-Parade,
"Or go out West to 'cow-boy,' " the Color
Sergeant said.
He's fond of his "caballo," and he loves his
old "outfit,"
And if they'd change those Army bills, he
wouldn't ever quit,

DANNY DEEVER BALLAD

But Chairman Hay, and others, have forced
him into it.

So soon he'll be discharged from out the
Army.

"Where is the 'Gunner' goin' to?" asked
Files-on-Parade,

i "And what is he a-goin' to do?" the Color
Sergeant said;

"He's goin' to be a 'jackie,' " said Files-on-
Parade,

"A sailor lad a'fore the mast," the Color
Sergeant said.

For he'd rather try the Navy, and draw a
sailor's pay,

Than "single-time" in Jolo with three long
years to stay,

Where there ain't no "two-cent mileage,"
while a'cruisin' across the Bay,

So now he'll soon be quittin' of the Army.

"Where is the Army goin' to?" said Files-
on-Parade,

"And what is it a'goin' to do?" the Color
Sergeant said;

DANNY DEEVER BALLAD

“The boys will soon have done their time,”
said Files-on-Parade,
“And few of 'em will ‘hitch’ again,” the
Color Sergeant said.
For the Transports bring one “rookie” to
take the place of ten,
“Old Timers,” who are goin’ home, and
won’t “hitch” up again,
And they’ll have a Rookie Army—instead
of Soldier Men.
For they’re breakin’ up the Army in the
Islands.

PUZZY LAPPINS

When a crude and hopeful rookie
To the Philippines I came
To hike the glorious pathway
On to shoulder straps and fame,
I thought of mother's counsel,
And I scorned the drunkard's cup,
But I landed on the sick report,
And that's what did me up.

"You've been drinking," said the surgeon,
"You've been drinking on the sly.
You've been disobeying orders;
'Tis useless to deny.
Let me tell you on the Q. T.
That I am going to mark you 'duty'
You've been drinking unboiled water
I can read it in your eye."

I've a bunkie who is a restless dog,
And he doesn't care a fig,
So they marched him to the guard-house
And they made him do fatigue.

PUZZY LAPPINS

He's a gamblin', ramblin' rascal,
An all around jovial sport.
They had him up the other day
Before a summary court.

"Charged with drinking," says the captain,
And he seemed to "wink an eye."
"For you could not stand temptation
And you drank when you was dry.
You are grinning, Private Brady,
And you will draw five less next pay-day,
And for drinking unboiled water
Don't forget I cinched you high."

Since old Pharoah followed Moses,
And was followed by the sea,
Sergeant Potter's been a soldier
And 'til Gabriel's reveillé
He'll be answering to the bugle call
At sunset, noon, and morn,
But he's got the Dengue fever,
And it makes him flush and worn.

"You've been drinking unboiled water,"
Says the captain, "that is why."

PUZZY LAPPINS

"No, the captain is mistaken,"
Says the sergeant with a sigh.
"I never do drink water,
Though maybe at times I aught'er;
I never do drink water
When 'John Stink' and Tuba's nigh."

The band it played a mournful tune;
The soldiers crowd around
As a comrade wrapped in Glory's flag
Is lowered in the ground.
There are three resounding volleys,
Taps die out in tender tones
And we're marching to the quick step
From the grave of Corporal Jones.

"It was drinking," says the captain
As a tear was in his eye.
"It was all through drinking water
That the corporal came to die.
'Twas the unboiled water that killed him,
With germs and things it filled him
But now he is drinking from the Jordan
Where we'll join him by and by."

A CYNIC'S VIEW OF ARMY LIFE

Once I was a farmer boy, a tiller of the
soil,

I liked the work—I never was a chap to
shirk from toil.

But I thought I'd choose a broader life (I
must have been an ass).

I took on in the Army—and now I'm cut-
ting grass.

I thought my farm life narrow, for there
my simple work

Was planting things and tending them, and
this I did not shirk.

I'd charge of all the horses, too, and
handled them first class.

But since I joined the Army, I am simply
cutting grass.

I get up in the morning to the sound of
martial strain.

The sergeant says: "Go get that scythe
and sharpen it again.

A CYNIC'S VIEW OF ARMY LIFE

The grass has grown six inches, men,
while we have been in bed,
So hustle, soldiers, hustle—don't let it get
ahead."

The Chief of Staff sits up above and wonders
"wot t'ell?"

The money goes by millions, but the Army
is a sell.

We privates, if we dared to, could easy hit
the mark,

It's grass that takes up all our time from
early dawn to dark.

We all would like to soldier and get prepared
for war;

It's what we left our happy homes and
joined the Army for.

We'd like to learn our duties from "skirmish
drill" to "mass."

But all we learn with Uncle Sam is grass,
grass, GRASS!

I hate the sight of anything that has a color
green;

A CYNIC'S VIEW OF ARMY LIFE

My disposition's ruined and I have a
swoolen spleen.

And when my time to cash in comes, I
pray a gracious God,

That I'll be buried out at sea—not placed
beneath the sod.

THE SONG OF THE SHOVEL AND THE PICK

The Sergeant says: "My gun is rusty,
And I guess it must be right.
But you ought to see my pick and shovel;
They are always shining bright.

Chorus:

Farewell, Bunkie, I must leave you,
And leave you mighty quick
For I'll be d——d if I can soldier
With a shovel and a pick.

There is hash that's hot, and hash that's
cold;
There's hash that's new and hash that's
old;
And Hash that's mixed into skilligbee;
But with me they don't agree.

SONG OF THE SHOVEL AND THE PICK

Chorus :

So, Farewell, Bunkie, I must leave you,
And I leave you with a dash ;
For I'll be d——d if I can soldier
On Uncle Samuel's corn beef hash.

ARMY SLANG

- B-ache—to complain.
Beans—the commissary sergeant.
Bean-shooter—a commissary officer.
Belly-ache—to complain.
Black strap—liquid coffee.
Blind—sentenced by court-martial to forfeiture of pay without confinement.
Bob-Tail—a dishonorable discharge, or a discharge without honor; to be “bob-tailed”—to be discharged or to be given a discharge without honor.
Bone—to study; to try; to cultivate.
Bone bootlick on—to cultivate the favor of.
Boots and Saddles—trumpet call.
Bootlick—to flatter.
Brig—guard-house.
Bow-legs—cavalrymen.
Buck-private—a term sometimes used in referring to a private.
Bucking for Orderly—giving clothing and accoutrements extra cleaning so as to compete for orderly.

ARMY SLANG

Bunkie—a soldier who shares the shelter of a comrade.

Bust—to reduce a non-commissioned officer to the grade of a private.

Butcher—the company barber.

Canned Horse—canned beef.

Chief—name by which the chief musician of the band is usually called by the enlisted men.

Cit—a civilian.

Cits—civilian clothes.

C. O.—commanding officer.

Coffee Cooler—one who seeks easy details away from troops; one who is always looking for an easy job.

Cold-feet—fear, lack of courage (to have cold feet is to be afraid, to lack courage).

Commissaries—groceries.

Crawl—to admonish.

Dog-robber—name by which the enlisted men call a soldier who works for an officer. (An offensive term, the use of which generally results in trouble.)

ARMY SLANG

Dough-boy—infantryman.

Dough-puncher—the baker.

Down the Pole—to drink, after having stopped.

Duff—any sweet edible.

Fatigue—extra work.

File—a number on the lineal list.

Fogy—ten percent increase in pay for each five years' service.

Found—to be found deficient or wanting in anything, especially an examination.

French leave—unauthorized absence. Absent on French leave—absent without authority.

Goat—junior officer in post, regiment, etc.

Goaty—awkward, ignorant.

Guard House Lawyer—a soldier with a smattering knowledge of regulations and military law; quite loquacious and liberal with advice and counsel to men in the Guard House or other trouble.

Hand-Shaker—a soldier who tries to win the favor of first sergeant or troop commander.

Hardtack—hardbread, biscuits.

ARMY SLANG

Hash Mark—enlistment or service stripe,
worn on sleeve.

Hike—a march; to hike, to march.

Hitch—a term for enlistment period.

Hive—to discover, to catch.

Hobo—the provost guard.

Holy Joe—the chaplain.

Hop—a dance.

How—form of salutation in drinking,
meaning “Here’s to your health,” “My
regards,” etc.

I. C.—condemned by an inspector.

Jaw-bone—credit (to get things on “jaw-
bone,” is to buy on credit).

Jump—to admonish.

K. O.—the commanding officer.

Major—name by which the sergeant-major
is usually called by the enlisted men.

Mill—Guard-house.

Mule-skinner—a teamster.

Non-Com—non-commissioned officer.

O. D.—the officer of the day.

Officers Line, or Officers Row—the row of
houses where the officers and their
families live.

ARMY SLANG

Old Issue—an old soldier.

Old File—an old officer.

Old Man—the company commander.

On Official Terms—not to be on speaking terms except officially.

On the Carpet—called before the commanding officer for admonition.

Openers—cathartic pills.

Orderly Buckle—a soldier when going on guard who strives by extra neatness of appearance to be designated as orderly for the commanding officer.

Orderly Room—company office.

Outfit—one's organization in the army.

Over-the-Hill—to desert.

P.—Prisoner.

Pills—the hospital steward.

Punk—light bread.

Q. M.—the quartermaster.

Q. M. D.—quartermaster's department.

Ranked-out—to be compelled to vacate by a senior, as "to be ranked out of quarters."

Red-tape—official formality; that is, the close or excessive observance of forms

ARMY SLANG

and routine in the transaction of business.

Regimental Monkey—the drum major.

Re-up—to re-enlist at once.

Rookie—a new recruit.

Sand-rat—an officer or soldier on duty in the rifle pit at target practice.

Saw-bone—the doctor.

Shave-tail—a new second lieutenant. So called, after the young, unbroken mules in the Quartermaster's Department.

Shoved up—to pawn.

Shutters—camphor or opium pills.

Sinkers—dumplings.

Sky-scout—the chaplain.

Sky-pilot—the chaplain.

Slap-Jacks—pan cakes.

Slum—a stew of meat, potatoes and onions, mostly potatoes and onions.

Soap Suds Row—the laundresses' quarters.

Soldier, to—to soldier, to serve; also to shirk.

Soldiers' One Per Cent—one hundred per cent.

Sow-belly—bacon.

ARMY SLANG

Stars and Stripes—beans.

Striker—a soldier who works for an officer.

Take-on—to re-enlist before the expiration of three months after discharge.

The Old Man—term sometimes used by officers and soldiers in referring to the commanding officer ; sometimes used by soldiers in referring to their company commander.

To Take Another Blanket—same as “Take-on.”

Top Sergeant—first sergeant.

Up the Pole—to swear off drinking.

Yellow-leg—cavalryman.

Youngster—a young officer (a first or second lieutenant).

Wagon-soldier—light or field artilleryman.

Wind-jammer—a trumpeter or bandsman.

Wood-butcher—company artificer.

ENGLISH ARMY SLANG

Gravel Crushers—infantry soldiers.

Poultice Wallahs—Royal Army Medical Corps men.

Doolally Tap—when a soldier becomes mentally unbalanced he is said to have received the “Doolally Tap.” “Doolally” is a corruption of the name of an Indian town, Deolali.

Bun Wallah—a soldier who drinks nothing stronger than tea, and is in consequence supposed to eat voraciously of buns.

Chips—the regimental pioneer sergeant, who is usually a sergeant.

Lance Jack—a lance-corporal.

Quarter Bloke—the quartermaster.

Rookey—a recruit.

Scrounger—a man with plenty of resource in getting what he wants.

Yob—one who is easily fooled.

Bobygee—a soldier cook. In India a native one.

Baggies—sailors in the Navy.

ENGLISH ARMY SLANG

Badg-y—an enlisted boy.

Long-faced Chum—a cavalryman's term for his horse.

Root-y—bread.

Slingers—a meal of bread and tea.

Muckin—butter.

Bully Beef—the tinned meat ration.

Lamping—eating heartily.

C. B.—confined to barracks.

Chucking a Dummy—when a man faints on parade he is said to “have chucked a dummy.”

Clink or Mush—the guard room.

Brief, Cheque or Ticket—discharge documents.

Dock—a military hospital.

Swinging the Lead—the equivalent of “telling the tale.”

Weighed off—when a soldier has been awarded punishment for an offense he is said to have been “Weighed off.”

High Jump—an appearance before the C. O. to answer a charge of breaking regulations.

Lost His Number—a man is said to have

ENGLISH ARMY SLANG

“lost his (regimental) number” when he is reported for any offense. It is “lost” because it is placed on the report sheet.

Stir—imprisonment in a detention barracks.

Chancing His Arm—committing an offence in expectation that it will not be discovered. A N. C. O. is said to be “chancing his arm” because he may be deprived of his stripes.

Jankers—defaulter’s drill.

Dog’s Leg—the first stripe received on promotion.

Bundook—a rifle.

Bobtack—powder mixed into a paste to clean buttons and brass work on equipment.

Muck-in—share in.

Square-Pushing — courting. Your best boots, cap, etc., are called square-pushing boots, etc.

Square-bit—your best girl.

Atcha—all right.

Blighty—home.

WORDS TO THE ARMY TRUMPET CALLS

REVEILLÉ:

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't
get 'em up in the morning;

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't
get 'em up at all;

Corp'rals worse than the privates;
Sergeants worse than the corpo-
rals;

Lieutenants worse than the sergeants,
And the capt'n's the worst of all.

Chorus—

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, etc.

MESS CALL:

Soup-y, soup-y soup,
Without a single bean.

Pork-y, pork-y, pork,
Without a streak of lean;

Coffee, Coffee, Coffee,
Without any cream!
(Or, the weakest ever seen!)

WORDS TO THE ARMY TRUMPET CALLS

SICK CALL:

Come and get your quinine, come and get
your pills,

Oh! come and get your quinine, come and
get your pills.

STABLE CALL:

Come all who are able and go to the stable,
And water your horses and give 'em some
corn;

For if you don't do it, the Col'nel will know
it,

And then you will rue it, sure as you're
born.

TAPS:

1

Fades the light;
And afar
Goeth day,
Cometh night;
And a star
Leadeth all,
Speedeth all
To their rest.

2

Love, good night.
When the day
Must thou go
And the night
Day is done
Leave me so?
Fare thee well;
Night is on.

ANOTHER VERSION.

When your last
Day is past,
From afar
Some bright star
O'er your grave
Watch will keep,
While you sleep
With the brave.

FIRST AID IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

The following hints are only intended as a reminder to assist you when in doubt.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—Place a pad of clean cloth on the wound and bandage firmly. Raise the part affected. If raising the limbs or applying the pad does not control the bleeding, compress with your two thumbs over bone and as near the wound as possible. Give no stimulants as long as bleeding remains uncontrolled.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Exclude the part from the air at once, by dusting flour on it and covering with cotton wool. If there is a blister do NOT pick it for 24 hours.

Soothing applications are Carron Oil, Salad Oil, Vaseline, Lard, etc. If there is severe shock, give it immediate attention, even before attending to the burn or scald.

FRACTURES.—The two main classes of fractures are simple and compound and the first aid treatment you give is to prevent

FIRST AID IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

the simple fracture from becoming the more serious compound fracture, which has a wound caused by the jagged end of the broken bone.

Attend to the patient on the spot, and fix the injured limb, at once, by splints and bandages. Use great gentleness.

If there is a wound, cleanse it and apply antiseptic dressing before putting limb in splints.

Disturb the limb as little as possible and make the patient comfortable until arrival of doctor.

SNAKE BITES.—Tie something tightly around the limb, between the wound and the heart. Give patient a good dose of brandy or some other spirit.

Encourage the bleeding by squeezing the bitten part and bathe with warm water. If breathing is bad, use artificial respiration.

POISONS.—In the first place endeavor to find out the poison. If you cannot, and there are no stains about mouth or lips and no burning sensation in mouth and throat, give an emetic or tickle throat to make pa-

tient vomit. Emetics are: three-teaspoonfuls of mustard in pint of tepid water; salt and water, two tablespoonfuls to pint of warm water. (See First Aid for Poisoning.)

When there are stains, etc., give cream, white of eggs, olive or linseed oil (no oil with phosphorus poisoning). Antidotes to follow.

GRIT IN THE EYE.—Do not rub the injured eye. By rubbing the other eye you will bring tears, which may wash the grit out. If not, roll back the upper eyelid over a match or pencil, and remove the grit with the corner of your handkerchief or small camel hair brush.

If lime in eye, wash out at once with water, then drop olive or castor oil between the lids.

Do not attempt to remove anything deeply imbedded—drop in olive oil and bandage.

· FAINTING.—The patient is very faint and partially or completely unconscious. Pulse is weak and rapid and breathing quickened. No convulsions.

FIRST AID IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

Place the patient in a lying position with the head lower than the rest of the body. Loosen his clothing at neck and chest. Give patient plenty of fresh air. Sprinkle face and chest with cold water and apply smelling salts to nose. Rub the limbs toward body. Give stimulant when patient is able to swallow.

SPRAINS.—A sprain is the tearing of the ligaments or capsule of a joint and bursting of small blood vessels, and swelling.

Apply cold water dressings as long as they give comfort, and afterwards apply hot fomentations. Rest the part in an easy position. If movement of limb be essential, bandage it tightly. If in doubt, treat as a fracture.

* FRENCH MONEY

5 centimes (one sou)	=	1 cent
25 “	=	5 cents
50 “	=	10 “
1 franc	=	20 “
2 “	=	40 “
5 “	=	1 dollar

ENGLISH MONEY

Half Penny	=	1 cent
One “	=	2 cents
Three Pence	=	6 “
Six “	=	12 “
One Shilling	=	24 “
Two “	=	48 “
Half a Crown			
or			
Two Shillings Six Pence	=	60 “
Five Shillings	=	\$1.20
Ten “	=	2.40
1 Pound	=	4.80

* French currency has depreciated since the war about 10 per cent., so that ten per cent. deduction should be made for accurate reckoning.

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